

## A Poet's Corner In Valentines

By ROBERTUS LOVE

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THE poet and the funny man—two in one—was stalling in a lively little city in North Dakota. He was doubly stalled, being both snow bound and broke. Either chain would hold him for some days to come. To get out of town he had first to get out of his hotel by paying his bill. This, however, was a delicate secret which he had no intention of sharing with his landlord, who looked upon him as a celebrity. But getting out of town was impossible even to a multimillionaire. The railroads were tightly tied up in all directions by vast drifts of packed snow in the deep cuts, and the snow was still falling and still drifting.

It was not his own fault that the poet and the funny man was fundless. He had counted upon reaching the next town and collecting a fat fee for an entertainment which he was to give there before his money gave out. Now, he knew that he would miss his date and that he must "jump" 400 mortal miles to his next engagement, and he must buy railroad transportation for the jump. The poet was melancholy over his prospects, and even the funny man was feeling almost blue. It is a sandy thing to be a funny man as well as a poet, for the ability to appreciate the humor of a situation—well, that helps some.

But how the funny part was all buried, like the trains in the snow packed cuts, and it was only the melancholy poet who sat in the office of the Grand Central hotel and looked blue. Nonchalantly he glanced at the big calendar above the clerk's desk. The letters on the sheet read, "February 10."

"Huh!" the poet grunted. "Close to St. Valentine's day, but I guess there'll be no valentine for me. Wires all town. Can't get in touch with the love bureau or anybody else for the tough that I so long for. I'm here for a week anyhow. If this snow keeps up and just 30 cents in my pocket. Well, I feel like 30 cents." And here the funny man came up to the surface for a brief airing.

Just then a long haired individual wearing a wavy mustache overcoat that reached from ears to heels entered the hotel office and walked up to read the notice on the register.

"Huh!" he exclaimed. Then he strode over to the poet and extended a long, lean hand toward the truly professional "funny."

"I have the honor," he said, "to meet the distinguished poet and humorist, Mr. Robertus Love. I am a writer of the 'New Home' magazine. I am a writer of the 'New Home' magazine. I am a writer of the 'New Home' magazine."

"Brothers in distress," remarked the man in the wavy mustache, "I am a writer of the 'New Home' magazine. I am a writer of the 'New Home' magazine. I am a writer of the 'New Home' magazine."

"Truly," assented the poet, with feigned enthusiasm.

"My distress, however, is deeper than yours, I imagine," said the man in the wavy mustache, "I am a writer of the 'New Home' magazine. I am a writer of the 'New Home' magazine. I am a writer of the 'New Home' magazine."

"Only too happy, Mr. Blank, but," skiveled in an undertone, glancing sideways at the smiling hotel clerk across



"IT HERE WE'RE CELEBRITIES."

the room. "I have 30 cents and a postage stamp. Might let you have the stamp."

"Funny situation," said the chalk talker.

"Awfully," agreed the funny man, laughing a muffled, mournful laugh. "What are we going to do about it, Blank?" anxiously inquired the poet, with a long face.

"Oh, we'll see. Let's take a look around town."

Arm in arm the two platform entertainers went out into the whirling, swirling, sweeping snow. They strode down the main street—persons of their profession, you know, always stride—and glanced into the store windows.

"By Jove! Not a valentine on sale in the whole blessed burg!" exclaimed the chalk talker. "Why, I was here last year about this time, and the stores

were filled with valentines. One of the merchants told me this was the best valentine market in North Dakota; said everybody bought and sent valentines, from the baby to the oldest inhabitant. What can be the matter?"

A glimmer of intelligence pervaded the poet's countenance.

"Valentines all snow bound, like us," he ventured. "Didn't get in before the blizzard, I guess."

Then a light that never was on sea or land illumined the features of the chalk talker. He struck an attitude that was striking indeed.

"Hard," he cried, his voice vibrant with a vast joy. "Here's an idea that will get us out of the hole and out of town if the snow ever melts!"

"I don't see it," dolefully replied the poet.

"Huh! St. Valentine's day only four days off and not a valentine in town. Bunch bawl for valentines. Girls giggle for em. Men mourn for 'em. You're a poet. I'm an artist. You write serious poetry—sentimental stuff; also funny poetry. I draw fancy pictures, also



PLANE DRAW VALENTINES. BARD WROTE VALENTINE POEMS.

fancy pictures. My managers call me 'the lightning artist.' Are you a lightning poet?"

"Well, you know I get my reputation by writing a column of verses every day for a newspaper."

"Sure. Now, listen. Here's the biggest notion store in town. We'll see the merchant—how's this for a big notion?—and give him a corner."

"A what? This store is already on a corner."

"Oh, say. Shake the links out of your intellect, Bard. We'll give this corner store merchant a corner on valentines."

"A corner on valentines?"

"Yes—poet's corner, so to speak. See? You write the poetry; I'll draw the pictures. See the possibilities? You and I don't eat much of a figure down in the big cities, but up here we're celebrities. Notice how the people are standing out here in the snowstorm to get a look at us?"

"It is due to your long hair,"

"Well, you know I get my reputation by writing a column of verses every day for a newspaper."

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## But Yet A Woman

By TOM MASSON

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HE put his arm around her, while his hand clasped hers and he held her so close that her fair hair brushed his forehead, he said:

"My dearest, I have been thinking over our wedding trip and trying to plan the details so that you will get the most out of it. Quite appropriately, we shall start on St. Valentine's day. We shall not hurry, but go as the whim seizes us, and you can choose your own route—London, Paris, Rome, the Rhine, anywhere you say."

And she replied, looking far off, with a certain wistful gaze:

"What do I care about all that, dear, so long as I know that you love me?"

Then he went away and pondered over this admission, thinking from the depths of his man's experience that it was not quite right somehow. It did not seem so human, so girl-like, as he had been taught to expect. And the next night he came again and said:

"Darling, when we are married we shall have a home—a real, true home. And you shall furnish it yourself, dear, just as you want it. Nothing shall be denied you. Money shall be no object."

And she replied very simply:

"Ah, my dearest, what does all that matter so long as I know that you love me?"

And again he pondered her reply and asked himself if this, after all, was the ideal love that his heart so craved. It seemed too good to be true. And once again he came back and said:

"My heart's own, you would like to know, I know, one in the city and one in the country, and horses and servants and jewels and all that makes life beautiful. All these shall be yours."

And she smiled gently as she replied:

"As if I cared, dearest! As you love me, all my heart is satisfied."

And the man went away again, pondering more deeply, for still he was not satisfied. "One more test," he exclaimed. So the next night he said:

"Dear, I find that I have given you a wrong impression. Careful examina-



"AH, MY DEAREST, WHAT DOES ALL THAT MATTER?"

tion of my assets convinces me that we shall have to begin in a very small way—a short trip to Niagara, a seven room flat and ten days' vacation in the summer. What do you say? Is it all right?"

And a tear stood in her eye as she replied:

"I was afraid something was wrong, for now I know you do not love me!"

And the man went away again, pondering more deeply, for still he was not satisfied. "One more test," he exclaimed. So the next night he said:

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## WANTED TO RIDE.

[A Sketch, Written for the Hogwallow Kentuckyian.]

You tell Lat Birdsell I'm going to kill him the next time we come face to face."

Birdsell was given the notice, and returned this reply: "And tell Ed Clay on he had better have his eyes open for I'll be prepared for him when we meet."

Such was the word passed by two men prominent in Kentucky neighborhood, through a friend of both.

For weeks the two carried guns in good shooting condition, ready for firing on the spur of the moment. Friends on either side kept the two out of each other's sight.

But on a summer's morning while Birdsell was coming from town he saw Clayton coming along the road.

Both were horseback. Both grew pale and cool, for the time, the crucial moment had come,—when the slowest man would be shot.

They were a hundred yards apart. The horses walked. Each man looked straight ahead, with his eyes on his enemy.

Slowly the distance between them grew less, until they looked each other squarely in the face, only ten feet apart. With eyes cold and hard each man watched the other's right hand, which rested in his coat pocket.

Each was waiting for the other's hand to move even an inch, and then the firing would begin.

The horses were now opposite each other. Both men rose in their saddles, ready to draw their guns—and just at that moment a young girl came through the bushes with a bucket of blackberries, and walked toward Lat Birdsell, her father, saying:

"Oh, pap, let me ride behind you home! I'm so tired! I've walked all over these old fields."

The horses never stopped, and Ed Clayton raised his hat as his animal jogged along.

STOMACH ACHE



You have more or less trouble with your stomach, your bowels, your liver—everybody does. And when these delicate and easily-disordered organs get out of order, they are the worst things in the world to you. If you took the right kind of care of them, you wouldn't suffer, but you don't.

The only way you can correct the trouble you do have and prevent these parts from getting out of order is to use

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

(Laxative)

Everybody knows that PEPSIN is good for the stomach, but in combination with certain plant drugs by DR. CALDWELL'S formula, its natural value is highly increased.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN is the best thing in the world for correcting and curing all forms of stomach trouble—you'll say so when you try it.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN can be obtained in both dollar and half-dollar sizes at all druggists, and your money will be refunded if it fails to benefit you.

Your postal card request will bring by return mail our new booklet, "DR. CALDWELL'S BOOK OF WONDERS," and free sample to those who have never tried this wonderful remedy. Mail your postal today.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO. Monticello, Illinois

HAYNES & TAYLOR

FOR SALE.

Our home place on Salem road, one mile west of Marion court house, containing 240 acres. 140 acres in grass, 40 acres in woods, 40 acres in cultivation. Good residence of five rooms, stable, barn and other out-buildings. Crooked creek on two sides. Pond, spring and two good wells.

S. J. ELDER & SONS, 34 St. Marion, Ky.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite.

"We prefer Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to any other for our children," says Mr. L. I. Woodbury of Twining, Mich. "It has also done the work for us in hard colds and croup, and we take pleasure in recommending it." For sale by J. H. Orme.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Piles of people have Piles. Why suffer from piles when you can use DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve and get relief. Sold by J. H. Orme.

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## Great Relief

During that trying period in which women so often suffer from nervousness, backache, sick headache, or other pains, there is nothing that can equal Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They stop the pains, soothe the nerves, and give to

Women

the relief so much desired. If taken on first indication of pain or misery, they will allay the irritable condition of the nerves, and save you further suffering. Those who use them at regular intervals have ceased to dread these periods. They contain no harmful drugs, and leave no effect upon the heart or stomach if taken as directed. They give prompt relief.

"I have been an invalid for 6 years. I have neuralgia, rheumatism and pains around the heart. By using Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills I am relieved of the pain, and get sleep and rest. I think I had known of the Pain Pills when I was first taken sick, they would have cured me. I recommend them for periodic pains."

MRS. HENRY FUNK, E. Akron, O.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DO YOU WANT A HOME

and a chance to pay for it out of your wages? If so I have a nice, new, up-to-date six room cottage situated in East Marion on East Bellville St. call on or address W. H. Clark or O. E. Gill Marion Ky.

If you are Constipated, dull, or bilious, or have a sallow lifeless complexion, try Lax-ets just once to see what they will do for you. Lax-ets are little toothsome Candy tablets—nice to eat, nice in effect. No griping, no pain. Just a gentle laxative effect that is pleasing and desirable. Handy for the vest pocket or purse. Lax-ets meet every desire. Lax-ets come to you in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents. Sold by Haynes & Taylor.

Has Stood the Test 25 Years.

The old original Grove's Tasteless.

Chill Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure. No pay price 50c.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a favorite

"We prefer Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to any other for our children," says Mr. L. J. Woodbury, of Twining, Mich. "It has also done work for us in hard colds and croup, and we take pleasure in recommending it." For sale by Haynes & Taylor.

Neching will relieve indigestion that is not a thorough digestant. Kodol digests what you eat and allows the stomach to rest—rejuvenates—grows strong again. It is a corrective of the highest efficiency. Sold by J. H. Orme.

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